

THE EVENING DEMOCRAT.

VOL. I.

GREENCASTLE, IND., THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 8, 1896.

NO. 31.

**It Will Soon
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**Order Your Coal
Now While
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I handle only the best

CLAY COUNTY COAL

From the Jackson
Coal Mining Co.

I am prepared to de-
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any time to any part
of the city.

Riley & Co.

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NOTICE.

As we went our way down Jackson street south from the court house square we noticed a Doctor's sign on the north end block owned by Mr. J. F. Hill. The sign states that the Doctor treats all delicate and private diseases confidentially. He has a long experience in the treatment of

EYES AND EARS.

DISEASES OF THE LIVER
AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

The Doctor has made a specialty for twenty years of

Female Weaknesses.

And all ailments pertaining to their sex. He guarantees all he undertakes to cure. Will positively not take a case unless he feels sure of making a cure. Charges are low in all cases. Call on the Doctor, as

CONSULTATION IS FREE.

A small charge is made in some cases where instruments are required for examination. Office hours from 9 o'clock a. m. to 8 p. m. Convenient rooms up stairs in block above stated. Ladies may rely on receiving gentlemanly treatment.

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In
Spectacles.**

Until the 10th of October we will test your eyes scientifically and fit them with perfectly ground spherical lenses in a first-class gold riding bow frame for the small sum of

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Collections promptly attended to. Also conducts a general intelligence office. Located in east rooms, over Central National Bank.

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Calls attended day or night at Cooper Bros Stable.

GEORGIA AND FLORIDA

No British Syndicate Business in
Theirs If You Please.

For Bryan, Free Silver and American
Independence—Carry the News
to Mark Hanna.



FLORIDA.

The complete returns from all the counties are not yet in. Careful estimates indicate that the democratic plurality is from 20,000 to 25,000. This is a large democratic gain. The populists and republicans each had a ticket in the field. The democrats have elected sixty of the sixty-eight members of the legislature.



GEORGIA.

The democrats have made nearly a clean sweep in the Cracker state. Over the republican and populist combine Atkinson the democratic candidate for governor will have a majority of thirty-five or forty thousand, a democratic gain of ten to fifteen thousand over the election of 1894. The contest was bitterly fought and involved state issues. Bryan's majority will be 60,000 in November.

Ralston's Meeting.

Samuel M. Ralston, democratic candidate for secretary of state, addressed a fair crowd at the court house Wednesday night. Following so closely after the Bryan meeting at Indianapolis the attendance was not so large as the speaker deserved, but the audience made up by enthusiasm and close attention what it lacked in numbers. Mr. Ralston began by allusion to the plank of the democratic platform touching the income tax law. He read from the opinion of Justice Brown of the U. S. supreme court, in the case involving the constitutionality of the law, a scathing rebuke of the decision of the majority of the court, to show that a republican judge, appointed by Benj. Harrison had gone much farther in denunciation of that infamous decision than the democratic platform. The speaker then entered into a careful and logical discussion of the coinage question demonstrating plain enough for the comprehension of a child that the interests of the farmer, the laborer, the mechanic, the merchant and the local banker all would be advanced by the free and unlimited coinage of silver. He drew a vivid contrast between the positions of the two candidates; one standing on the platform in the Coliseum at Chicago surrounded by the representatives of the money power trying to write Wall street across the face of the democratic declaration of principles, boldly demanding a platform declaring for free silver, prosperity and American independence; the other standing like a sphinx, refusing to utter a word, and waiting for the trusts, monopolies and money changers to prepare a code of principles for him to avow. He paid a high compliment to Dr. Ridpath which was greeted with shouts of applause as was also, every reference to Bryan. Mr. Ralston is an orator as well as a logician and we regret that his interesting speech was not heard by more republicans.

Gilbert Brown has returned to his home in Dayton, O.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

THE WEATHER—Generally fair with rising temperature tonight and Friday.

Miss Sue Terry is sick.
Shively at Cloverdale Friday night.
Shively at Greencastle Saturday at 1:30.

WANTED—A boy, inquire at this office.

Mrs Jas Lewis of Oakalla has a very severe case of facial erysipelas.

A great deal of scarlet fever is reported from all sections of the county.

Mrs Emma P Ewing who instructed a class in cooking in this city last spring is now giving a course of lectures in Muncie.

Dr Ridpath speaks at the Democrat Wigwam in Terre Haute tonight. The DEMOCRAT will give his speech in full in Saturday evenings' edition.

It is very probable that William J Bryan will be through Greencastle some time in this month. If he does Putnam county should turn out en masse to greet him.

J R Lotshar, well known in this city, is another republican who intends to vote for Bryan and free silver. We may next expect to hear the swivel say that Mr Lotshar never was a republican.

Mr Ralston was unable to reach Bainbridge Wednesday and Hon D E Williamson and J H James of this city filled the appointment. They had a fine audience of voters and both made good speeches.

Miss Mattie Kennedy, of Bainbridge, a daughter of Robert Kennedy, died at Indianapolis Tuesday while undergoing an operation for a tumor. The remains will be interred at Bainbridge this afternoon.

Tell everybody you see to come out Saturday and hear a charming orator and a fair man discuss politics. Tell your republican neighbor to come. Tell him to disregard the injunction of his leaders to keep away, that he should not fear to hear both sides. You can guarantee that he will hear nothing offensive from the lips of B F Shively.

Henry Snider a prominent farmer of Cloverdale township and a brother of Lewis Snider of this city was among the Bryan excursionists to Indianapolis Tuesday. He has always been a republican but this election will cast his vote for Bryan and prosperity for the farmer. He is only one however of many republican farmers in this county who will do likewise.

John Clark Ridpath spoke at Riley Vigo county Tuesday night. The village was decorated with flags and bunting and the citizens of the township turned out in large numbers to do honor to the distinguished candidate for congress. There was no hall large enough to accommodate the crowd and the meeting was held in the open air. It is estimated that fully 600 persons were in attendance and the cheers that greeted the telling points made by Mr Ridpath were fairly deafening.—Terre Haute Gazette.

About 7 o'clock last night Sheriff Glidewell caught John Allen trying to slip a pair of big wire nippers to Bass the negro who was given a heavy jail sentence for gambling. When the sheriff discovered Allen he started to run but was caught at Allens dry goods store and put in jail after a severe struggle. Bass claims to have known nothing about the affair but he had already dropped a string out of the window to receive the nippers. This is not the first time friends of prisoners have been discovered clandestinely slipping articles to them by means of the windows and the authorities would do well to administer severe punishment to the guilty parties.

NORTH GREENCASTLE.

Billy Patterson has returned from St Louis, Mo, where he has been braking on a railroad the past summer.

A fast run was made the other day by No. 5, the accommodation train on the Big Four, between Indianapolis and Lena. The train was pulled by engine 116. The distance between the two points, 54 miles, was covered in sixty-three minutes, the train making three stops, one of which was to take siding for the Knickerbocker express.

The Lost Son Found.

A special from Muncie says: "Harry eldest son of J W Ream, who very strangely disappeared last Saturday, has been found by his father and returned to his home. The young man was located near Parker City Wednesday evening by his father. He had walked the entire distance and his shoes were nearly worn out. The young man recently recovered from a severe case of typhoid fever and it left his mind slightly deranged.

Jas Ferrell and wife of Glenn Ind., are visiting their daughter Mrs G W Hughes.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

M L DAGGY

On Student Rowdism—Not the Result of Education but of the Lack of it—
Evil of Special Privileges to
Classes of Citizens.

It is a conventional supposition that the people of the United States enjoy the right of freedom of speech. But it was reserved for certain students of Yale and Wabash to attack this right by endeavoring to break up meetings held for the purpose of furthering an economic principle. In both cases the meetings were addressed by men of national reputation—one, a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the people; the other, an economic student and political leader of recognized ability and influence. In neither case did anything occur to cause a disturbance, and had it been planned and executed by a gang of drunken toughs it would have scarcely created such widespread comment. But coming as it did from students from leading families, who pride themselves upon their virtue and culture, leads many people to inquire into the nature of that education which places a college student on a par with the most disreputable criminal classes. Very justly these disgraceful instances have aroused widespread indignation, and many people will pause to ask "what is the defect in the nature or education of such students."

To one who will give a candid consideration of certain tendencies the question is easily answered. The fault lies not in the education of students but rather in the lack of true education.

Nothing is more pernicious in its influence than the commercial theory of education, which, I fear, has been too often dominant in American colleges, especially in that class of institutions that have depended for their perpetuity upon the bounty of the beneficiaries of special privilege. The "commercial theory," if I may be allowed to coin the phrase, has not emphasized too strongly the necessity and duty of mental development, but it has failed to impress upon students the necessity of true ethical and altruistic development, or that higher selfishness which recognizes the fact that the increase of man's mental powers implies a corresponding increase in social obligation. It is the commercial versus the ethical theory of education. Under the "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost" doctrine education is made the means of self advancement and self-aggrandizement, although it may mean the prostitution of one's higher faculties, and signify the annihilation of these ethical and humanitarian principles, the possession of which distinguish man from the brute. It is real ethical culture that should be the Alpha and Omega of education and any system that fails to recognize moral development as paramount is an utter failure. Far better that a man should be ignorant, while honest and altruistic in his acts and motives, than to be wise as Solomon and at the same time unscrupulous and mercenary—a veritable whited sepulcher. "Wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove" is the really educated man. He regards the convictions of his adversaries and does not maintain the infallibility of his own opinions. His vision, free from bigotry and ignorance penetrates beyond the realm of sect, party, or caste, and beholds in every man, however humble, a brother, possessed of certain inalienable rights which must be maintained if the great social organism is to realize the progressive possibilities of its being. He also regards his intellectual prowess as a force with which to crush his less fortunate fellowmen, rather than an influence that he is duty bound to contribute for the welfare of society.

Our institutions of higher learning have within their limits two classes of students. The first class find the acme of their intellectual life in challenging the right of freedom of speech. They are a peculiar genus a sort of spineless bipeds, whose highest ambition finds its consummation in the dissipation of their father's hard earned cash. They are a sort of a cross between a serpent and a jelly fish.

The second class, and by far the largest class, do their own thinking, are honest and fearless in the expression of their conviction and are willing to follow the dictates of Right and Reason. The needs of the present time, the inevitable conflicts of social progress brings new duties which will be met by the cultured, honest and fearless men whose intellectual culture is based upon true ethical principles—the realization of the duty of man to man.

M. L. DAGGY.

Jacksonville, Ill., Oct. 3, 1896.

Misses Jennie and Mary Maloney are in Indianapolis today.

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CLOTHING

OF THE

PUTNAM CLOTHING HOUSE,

EAST SIDE SQUARE

VISIT THE NEW FIRM.

TUCKER & MALONEY

And take a look at their Line of

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I HANDLE THE CELEBRATED

—CRAWFORD COAL—

The Best Mined in Clay County.

MAY TENNANT, - - - Banner Times Block.

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GROCEER AND BAKER

Keeps a first-class stock of everything in the grocery line.

His Bread is the Best in the City.

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"NELLY MINE" COAL,

Groceries, Boots and Shoes,

At the lowest cash prices. Coal weighed on any scales in town the buyer may designate. Give me a call.

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Vandalia Lunch House and Restaurant

Near Vandalia depot. Meal, Lunch, Cigars and Tobacco. Give us a call, Open Day and Night.

MCADAMS & WOOD,
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AND
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Broadstreet & Vestal

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Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WELDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,500 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

FATAL GLOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

A hundred pairs of hands were outstretched to receive Margie when Arch brought her to the shore. Her dear devoted friends crowded around her, and in their joy at her escape, Arch retreated for his lodgings. But Miss Lee had been watching him, and seized his arm the moment he was clear of the crowd.

"Oh, Mr. Trevlyn, it's just like a novel!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Only you cannot marry the heroine, for she is engaged to Mr. Linnere; and she perfectly dotes on him."

She flitted away, and Trevlyn went up to his chamber.

That evening there was a "hop" at the hotel, but Arch did not go down. He knew if he did the inevitable Miss Lee would anchor herself on his arm for the evening; and his politeness was not equal to the task of entertaining her.

The strains of music reached him, softened and made sweet by the distance. He stole down on the piazza, and sat under the shadows of a flowering vine, looking at the sky, with its myriads of glittering stars. There was a light step at his side, and glancing up, he saw Margie Harrison.

She was in evening dress, her white arms and shoulders bare, and glistening with snowy pearls. Her soft unbound hair fell over her neck in a flood of light, and a subtle perfume, like the breath of blooming water-lilies, floated around her.

"I want to make you my captive for a little while, Mr. Trevlyn," she said, gaily. "Will you wear the chains?"

"Like a garland of roses," he responded. "Yes, to the world's end, Miss Harrison!"

The unconscious fervor of his voice brought a crimson flush to her face. She dropped her eyes, and toyed with the bracelet on her arm.

"I did not know you dealt in compliments, Mr. Trevlyn," she said, a little reproachfully. "I thought you were always sincere."

"And so I am, Miss Harrison."

"I take you at your word then," she said, recovering her playful air. "You will not blame me, if I lead you into difficulty?"

"Certainly not. I give myself into your keeping."

She put her hand within his arm, and led him up the stairs, to a private parlor on the second floor. Under the jet of light sat old Mr. Trevlyn. Archer's heart throbbed fiercely, and his lips grew set and motionless as he stood there before the man he hated, the man against whom he had made a vow of undying vengeance. Margie was looking at her guardian, and did not observe the startling change which had come over Arch. She spoke softly, addressing the old man.

"Dear guardian, this is the man who this morning so gallantly rescued me from a watery grave. I want you to help me thank him."

Mr. Trevlyn arose, came forward, and extended his hand. Arch stood erect, his arms folded on his breast. He did not move, nor offer to take the proffered hand. Mr. Trevlyn gave a start of surprise, and seizing a lamp from the table, held it up to the face of the young man. Arch did not flinch; he bore the insulting scrutiny with stony calmness.

The old man dashed down the lamp, and put his hand to his forehead. His face was livid with passion, his voice choked so as to be scarcely audible.

"Margie, Margie Harrison!" he exclaimed, "what is this person's name?"

"Archer Trevlyn, sir," answered the girl, amazed at the strange behavior of the two men.

"Just as I thought! Hubert's son!"

"Yes," said Arch, speaking with painful calmness. "I am Hubert's son; the son of the man your wicked cruelty murdered."

Mr. Trevlyn seized his cane and rushed upon his grandson; but Margie sprang forward and threw her arm across the breast of Arch.

"Strike him, if you dare!" she said, "but you shall strike a woman!"

Mr. Trevlyn looked at her and the weapon dropped to the floor.

"Margaret Harrison," he said sternly, "leave this room. This is no place for you. Obey me!"

"I am subject to no man's authority," she said, boldly; "and I will not leave the room. You shall not insult a gentleman to whom I owe my life, and who is here as my invited guest!"

"I shall defend myself! There is murder in that fellow's eye, if I ever saw it in that of any human being!"

"I am answerable for his conduct," she said with proud dignity. "He will do nothing of which a lady need stand in fear. I brought him here, ignorant of the relationship existing between you and him, and unconscious of the truth that I should be called upon to defend him from the causeless rage of his own grandfather."

Again the cane was uplifted, but Margaret laid her hand resolutely upon it. "Give it to me. Will you—you who pride yourself upon your high and delicate sense of honor—will you be such an abject coward as to strike a defenseless man?"

He yielded her the weapon, and she threw it from the window.

"You may take away my defense, Margaret," said the old man, resolutely, "but you shall not prevent me from cursing him! A curse be upon him!"

"Hold, sir? Remember that your head is white with the snows of time. It will not be long before you go to the

God who sees you every moment, who will judge you for every sin you commit."

"You may preach that stuff to the dogs! There is no God! I defy him and you! Archer Trevlyn, my curse be upon you and yours, now and forever! Child of a disobedient son! child of a mother who was a harlot!"

Arch sprang upon him with a savage cry. His hand was on his throat—God knows what crime he would have done, fired by the insult offered to the memory of his mother, had not Margie caught his hands, and drawn them away.

"Oh, Archer, Archer Trevlyn!" she cried, imploringly, "grant me this one favor—the very first I ever asked of you! For my sake, come away. He is an old man. Leave him to God, and his own conscience. You are young and strong; you would not disgrace your manhood by laying violent hands on the weakness of old age!"

"Did you hear what he called my mother, the purest woman the world ever saw? No man shall repeat that foul slander in my presence, and live!"

"He will not repeat it. Forgive him. He is fretful, and thinks the world has gone hard with him. He has sinned, and those who sin suffer always. It has been a long and terrible feud between him and yours. I brought you here—let me take you away."

Her soft hands were on his—her beautiful tear-wet eyes lifted to his face. He could not withstand that look. He would have given up the plans of a lifetime, if she had asked him with those imploring eyes.

"I yield to you, Miss Harrison—only to you," he replied. "If John Trevlyn lives, he owes his life to you. He judged rightly—there was murder in my soul, and he saw it in my eyes. Years ago, after they laid my poor heart-broken mother out of my sight, I swore a terrible vow of vengeance on the old man whose cruelty had hurried her in to the grave. But for you, I should have kept the vow this moment. But I will obey you. Take me wherever you will."

She led him down the stairs, across the lawn, and out on the lonely beach, where the quiet moon and the passionless stars dropped down their crystal rain. The sweet south wind blew up cool from the sea, and afar off the tinkle of a sheep-bell stirred the silence of the night. The lamp in the distant lighthouse gleamed like a spark of fire, and at their feet broke the tireless billows, white as the snowdrifts of December.

CHAPTER VII.



HERE was something inexpressibly soothing in the serenity of the night. Arch felt its influence. The hot color died out of his cheek, his pulse beat slower, he lifted his eyes to the purple arch of the summer sky.

"All God's universe is at rest," said Margie, her voice breaking upon his ear like a strain of music. "Oh, Archer Trevlyn, be at peace with all mankind!"

"I am—with all but him."

"And with him, also. The heart which bears malice cannot be a happy heart. There has been a great wrong done—I have heard the sad story—but it is divine to forgive. The man who can pardon the enemy who has wrought him evil, rises to a height where nothing of these earthly temptations can harm him more. He stands on a level with the angels of God. If you have been injured, let it pass. If your parents were hurried out of the world by his cruelty, think how much sooner they tasted the bliss of heaven! Every wrong will in due time be avenged. Justice will be done, for the Infinite One has promised it. Leave it in His hands, Archer, before I leave you, promise to forgive Mr. Trevlyn."

"I cannot! I cannot!" he cried, hoarsely. "Oh, Margie, Miss Harrison, ask me no anything but that, even to the sacrifice of my life, and I will willingly oblige you, but not that! not that!"

"That is all I ask. It is for your good and my peace of mind that I demand it. You have no right to make me unhappy, as your persistence in this dreadful course will do. Promise me, Archer Trevlyn!"

She put her hand on his shoulder; he turned his head and pressed his lips upon it. She did not draw it away, but stood, melting his hard heart with her wonderfully sweet gaze. He yielded all at once—she knew she had conquered. He sank down on one knee before her, and bowed his face upon her hands. She stooped over him, her hair swept his shoulders, the brown mingling with the deeper chestnut of his curling locks.

"You will promise me, Mr. Trevlyn?" He looked up suddenly.

"What will you give me if I promise?"

"Ask for it."

He lifted a curl of shining hair.

"Yes," she said. "Promise me what I ask, and I will give it to you."

He took his pocket-knife and severed the tress.

"I promise you. I break my vow; I seek no revenge. I forgive John Trevlyn, and may God forgive him also. He is safe from me. I submit to have my

parents sleep on unavenged. I leave him and his sins to the God whom he denies; and all because you have asked it of me."

Slowly and silently they went up to the house. At the door he said no good-night—he only held her hand a moment, closely, and then turned away. Paul Linnere's wedding-day drew near. Between him and Margie there was no semblance of affection. Her coldness never varied, and after a few fruitless attempts to excite in her some manifestation of interest, he took his cue from her, and was as coldly indifferent as herself.

A few days before the tenth of October, which was the day appointed for the bridal, Dick Turner, one of Paul's friends, gave a supper at the Bachelors' club. A supper in honor of Paul, or to testify the sorrow of the club at the loss of one of its members. It was a very hilarious occasion, and the toasting and wine-drinking extended far into the small hours.

In a somewhat elevated frame of mind, Mr. Paul Linnere left the rooms of the club at about three o'clock in the morning, to return home. His way lay along the most deserted part of the city—a place where there were few dwellings, and the buildings were mostly stores and ware-houses.

Suddenly a touch on his arm stopped him. The same cold, deathly touch he had felt once before. He had drunk just enough to feel remarkably brave, and turning, he encountered the frozen gleaming eyes that had strangled his blood that night in early summer. All his bravado left him. He felt weak and helpless as a child.

"What is it? what do you want?" he asked brokenly.

"Justice!" said the mysterious presence.

"Justice? For whom?"

"Arabel Vere."

"Arabel Vere! Curse her!" he cried, savagely.

The figure lifted a spectral white hand.

"Paul Linnere—beware! The vengeance of the dead reaches sometimes unto the living! There is not water enough in the Seine to drown a woman's hatred. Death itself, cannot annihilate it! Beware!"

He struck savagely at the uplifted hand, but his arm met no resistance. He beat only against the impalpable air. His spectral visitor had flown, and left nothing behind her but the fear of her presence.

With unsteady steps Mr. Paul Linnere hurried home, entered his room, and double-locked the door behind him.

CHAPTER VIII.



R. TREVLIN had decided that the marriage of his ward should take place at Harrison Park, the old country seat of the Harrisons, on the Hudson. Here Margie's parents had lived always in the summer; here they had died within a week of each other, and here, in the cypress grove by the river, they were buried. There would be no more fitting place for the marriage of their daughter to be solemnized. Margie neither opposed nor approved the plan. She did not oppose anything. She was passive, almost apathetic.

The admiring dressmakers and milliners came and went, fitting and measuring, and trying on their tasteful creations, but without eliciting any signs of interest or pleasure from Margie Harrison. She gave no orders, found no fault; expressed no admiration nor its opposite. It was all the same to her. The bridal dress came home a few days before the appointed day. It was a superb affair, and Margie looked like a queen in it. It was of white satin, with a point lace overskirt; looped at intervals with tiny bouquets of orange blossoms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Electric Palace.

The palatial New York home of Charles T. Yerkes, the Chicago millionaire, at 65th street and 5th avenue, has not only the most complete electric lighting, heating and ventilating plant of any of the several electrically equipped mansions in the city, but it has the largest storage battery plant ever installed in a private residence. A gas engine of thirty-five horse power in the basement is belted to a dynamo. The storage battery consists of sixty cells, having a capacity of 2,500 amperes hours at a ten-hour discharge rate, the maximum discharge rate being 500 amperes for four hours.

The house is wired for about sixteen candle-power lamps and has besides an electric passenger elevator and several electric motors for ventilation, pumping and other purposes.

The arrangement of the lights is very artistic. The vestibule or reception hall is lighted from above through cathedral glass in the base of a dome by 300 lights. Lamps are concealed within the carving of the principal salon or in rosettes of colored glass and cunningly placed in the ceilings. In the library an apparently framed oil painting, which is really a wonderful piece of cathedral glasswork, is made the vehicle of the flood of light which illuminates the room with the soft radiance of day.—Exchange.

Exchange Birthday Gifts.

The Prince of Wales and the Duc de Chartres have just exchanged birthday presents, according to their custom of many years past, as their birthdays fall on the same day. The Orleans prince is the elder by a year, however.

The duke sent the prince a fine gun, while the prince sent the duke a fine gun, while the duke's souvenir to the prince was a gold cigarette case.

GENERAL SPORTING.

SOME NOTES AND REVIEWS OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Sharkey's Poor Showing with John L. Sullivan—The Late Harry Hill Died in Poverty—A Woman Challenges Corbett.



JUST why John L. Sullivan should have emerged from his well-earned retirement to exhibit the ruin of his former self, and possibly to serve as a punching bag for the present unknown "quantity" of pugilism, and on what ground Thomas Sharkey bases his pretensions to championship honors, was a mystery to 5,000 persons who went to Madison Square Gardens the other night to see the sailor "draw out." Sharkey displayed a physique which would do credit to a weight-lifter, behaved modestly as befitting a stranger, and that is all he did do. An essential element of pugilism, the ability to box, he failed to display, and those who saw him concluded that he could not. The exhibition, however, raises the question as to what can be the matter with Corbett, whose recent four-round contest with Sharkey did not at all redound to his credit. The bout between Sullivan and Sharkey was announced as an exhibition of boxing, and a moment later the crowd roared as the old champion appeared. He was old, he was gray, and it was no more proper that he should be in a ring than that he should essay skirt dancing. Sharkey, when he threw off his robe, displayed a remarkable specimen of manhood, more picturesque because of swelling muscles and graceful form than Sullivan showed at his best.

Sullivan, in response to the cries for a speech, said: "It's not necessary for me to make a speech, gentlemen, for the referee has told you that this is to be an exhibition bout. I've had my day, and am now almost too fat to fight. But you will have a chance to see what the young man can do. He wants to get up to the top, and deserves all sorts of luck."

Then time was called, and Sullivan, from start to finish, made the best showing. He could not move his ponderous body, but he had almost the old quickness of the arms; he could duck a little, which was more than Sharkey could do, and twice he dodged, but this effort was almost too much for him. Sharkey was so slow that a watch might have been put on his blows, and he judged distances badly. At first it was thought that possibly he did not want to display the old champion's weakness, but that idea was quickly dispelled. He was a great disappointment. Sullivan hit him in the face almost at will, but even the one-minute rounds tired the old man. In the third and last round he tripped and almost fell. When the exhibition was ended Fitzsimmons said: "I've changed my mind now. Sharkey's even easier than I thought."

The Late Harry Hill.

Harry Hill, the veteran sporting man, one of the best-known New Yorkers of his time, and well known throughout the country, died at his home in Corona, Long Island, the other day. The cause of his death is attributed to drinking impure water from the water supply at Corona. He was 76 years of age and had been ill less than two weeks. Harry Hill had the reputation, of which he was proud, of being "the squarest man" who ever owned a sporting resort in New York. A decade and a half ago his resort at Houston and Crosby streets was known all over the



HARRY HILL.

country and no rural individual of any sporting proclivities at all considered a visit to New York complete unless it included a visit to "Harry Hill's." The proprietor was genial and hearty, and it was his boast—truthful so far as it was known—that no person, was ever robbed in his place. Many New Yorkers who have memories, and not unpleasant ones, of Harry Hill occupy places high in politics and in the business world to-day. It was their custom to "open wine" with the thick-set, popular Englishman who conducted it, and who owed his success to his honesty and good fellowship. Hill, who was at one time reputed to be worth \$500,000, died in poverty, and it is a fact worthy of note that of all the men who have achieved success and under obligations to him not one went to his assistance in the days of his adversity.

The Best Record to Date.

It is noticeably conspicuous that when a horse is reported lame and off the next heard of is a grand victory. Just so with John R. Gentry. At Boston he hit his quarter hard and had been reported lame in consequence, yet

at Fleetwood he won the fastest race in turf history to date—2:03 3/4, 2:03 3/4, 2:03 3/4—and on a track far from a record-breaker. There is a stiff up-grade in the third quarter, short home stretch and the turns are short and not especially thrown up. Quittier though he has been accused of being, and I really think he at times has deserved the charge, he certainly was a marvelous horse at Fleetwood. Grand circuit followers stuck to Robert J. at 10 to 3, and before they got away for the last heat played even money on the champion, but he was beaten by a nose in a hair-raising finish. Early in the race he was too unsteady to make use of, so let Frank Agan fight it out with the little stallion. The once sensational Star Pointer, 2:04 1/2, cut a sorry figure and was behind the flag in the second heat. He is either acting very badly or is a back number. Young McClary, they say, drives him as well as did Geers, but the conclusion is he isn't right this season, maybe suffered acclimatization early in the year in their cold eastern country and will not round to in time to be of any account.

She Challenges Corbett.

Mrs. Edward White of New York city is a remarkable woman. She has tacitly challenged Corbett to a boxing match and she fights regularly with her husband two times a day and makes no secret of it.

In other words, Mrs. White, a handsome and modest woman some twenty odd years of age, holds her own against



MRS. EDWARD WHITE.

the champion welterweight boxer of the world. She is willing to enter contests with male professionals and fight to a finish. Her specialty is bag-punching. Three years ago when she was married she was weak and delicate, almost an invalid, and to gain strength had her husband, who is a boxer, put her through a course of training such as athletes and professionals undergo. Her muscle developed in a surprising manner and now her right arm biceps expansion is an inch and a half, her chest expansion two and seven-eighths inches and she weighs 140 pounds, though only five feet four inches high. Her muscles stand out in knotty bunches like those of a well-developed man and her husband has hard work preventing her giving him knockout blows in their contests. They exhibit on the vaudeville stage.

Last May in Philadelphia Mrs. White issued a challenge to any local bag-punching expert, and that means much in that city where some of the most noted bag-punchers live. The man who responded was beaten by his feminine antagonist. She has now issued a formal challenge to any bag-puncher in the world to meet her in a contest according to approved rules.

The Season's Heavyweights.

The season's brew of fresh heavyweight has been so numerous Pacific-coastward that the follower of this column will doubtless evince no surprise to learn that there is still another on the calendar; nevertheless, it is a queer thing to account for, taken as a whole, why heavies should keep bobbing up at this one particular point in the continent. It is to be remembered that both Corbett and Joe Choynski were born there. Some of those of the 1896 crop have not first seen the light there nor near there, but have sprung suddenly into fighting form from fooling about the coast, so that it amounts to about the same thing. I advise any pug who may have had his ambitions squelched in other quarters to go out there and smell around. The newest of the new of Frisco is named Jack Stelzner and he claims Chicago as the city from which he hailed. He never did anything in this climate and the chances are he never would have done anything. But in Frisco last week Stelzner got in the ropes and made a stand-off draw with Van Buskirk, the big one who has been talked about freely as a comer of late. The men boxed ten rounds, with honors about even.

Turf Notes.

Bessie Wilton, 2:09 3/4, has a bowed tendon and it is doubtful as to her racing again this season.

Hoover, 2:27 1/2, a new one by Alton, is from the dam of Elloree, 2:11 1/2. He is said to be a good prospect for a 2:20 mark.

Belle Wells, 2:17 1/2, is a great card for her sire, Pactolus. She took her record in a three-minute class at Hedrick last week.

Roan Wilkes, 2:07 1/4, recently worked a quarter in 31 seconds on a half-mile track. He is ticketed for a 2:05 record ere the season's close.

Directum, 2:05 1/4, is at Highland Park, Detroit, and working moderately to sulky. He is down for an exhibition there during the meeting.

Gen. Turner is working Jettie, 2:16 1/4, lightly again. She has been undergoing treatment for a curb thrown at Boston in her race last June.

A CYNIC'S WILL.

Made Use of the Last Chance to Express His Opinion.

Last summer, while Judge Carpenter was spending a vacation up in the country he had occasion to look at some records and his attention was directed to a whimsical will. He arranged for a copy of it as a literary curiosity and it came to hand this morning, says the Detroit Journal.

The testamentary clauses of the document are as follows:

"I, William Darling of Grantness, in the township of —, county and district of —, Western Canada, esquire, being in sound health of body and my mind just as usual, which my friends who flatter me say is no great shakes at the best of times, do make this my last will and testament as follows, revoking, of course, all former wills:

"I leave the property of Grantness and all other landed property I may die possessed of to my sister Ellen — and Betsy Darling, the former because she is married to a minister whom (God help him) she heckles, the latter because she is married to nobody, nor is she likely to be, for she is an old maid, and not market ripe. And also I leave to them and their heirs my share of the stock and implements on the farm, provided, that the inclosure around my brother's grave be reserved. And if either should die without issue, then the other inherits the whole.

"I leave my silver tankard to the eldest son of old James, as the representative of the family. I would have left it to old James himself but he would melt it down and make temperance medals and that would be a sacrilege. However, I leave him my big horn snuff-box. He can only make temperance horn spoons of that.

"I leave my sister Jessie my bible and when she knows as much of the spirit of it as she does of the letter she will be another guise Christian than she is.

"I leave my late brother's watch to my brother, Jerry, exhorting him at the same time to give up Whiggery. Radicalism and all other sins that do most easily beset him.

"I leave my brother Andrew my big silver snuff-box, as I am informed he is rather a decent Christian, with a swag belly and a jolly face.

"I leave Parson — the snuff-box I got from the militia, as a small token of my gratitude for the service he has done the family in taking a sister that no man of taste could have taken.

"I leave John Carson a silver teapot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him the affliction of a slatternly wife.

"I give my silver cup, with a sovereign in it, to my sister Jane, because she is an old maid and pious; also, my gramma's snuff-box, as it looks decent to see an old woman taking snuff."

Cremation Growing Popular.

It is noteworthy that though in each of the American cities more men than women have been cremated, the movement abroad was practically begun by women, Lady Dilke of England and a German woman having been cremated at Dresden. When efforts were made in the years 1873-4 on the continent of Europe, in England and in the United States in favor of the cremation of the dead Lady Rosa Mary Crawshaw was one of its prominent advocates. A number of well known women in this country have expressed themselves decidedly in favor of cremation. Among them are Olive Thorne Miller, the late Kate Field and Rose Elizabeth Cleveland. At a public meeting Mrs. Ballington Booth referred to the time when her body should be carried to the crematory. The total number of cremations in the United States from 1876, when the first crematory was established, to the close of 1895, was reported to be 4,647. Nearly 1,000 persons were cremated in the last year in twenty-one crematories. In the crematory at Fresh Pond, N. Y., eighty-five boys and sixty-six girls were incinerated. The number of men cremated in New York is more than double the number of women.—New York Tribune.

Eight-Fifteen.

On a recent Sunday evening in Belfast, Me., a young man in church looked frequently at his watch during the sermon. Just as he was doing so for the fourth or fifth time the pastor with great earnestness, was urging the truth upon the conscience of his hearers. "Young man," said he, "how is it with you? Whereupon the young man with the gold repeater bawled out, in the hearing of nearly the whole congregation, 'A quarter past eight.' As may be supposed, the gravity of the assembly was very much disturbed by the occurrence.—New York Tribune.

A Misguided Gamester.

"Use done played it an' played it sence it kep' a-comin' out in de newspapers," remarked Sam Juniper, "an' it don' come out."

"What is it—er new policy gig?"

"I reckoned da's what it mus' be. I kep' a-seeln' it an' a-seeln' it, an' finally I busted in an' played 15—2—1 ober an' ober agin'. Ef 4—11—44 doan' pull me out I'll hab ter make an assignment an' fall back on de bankruptcy laws."—Washington Star.

Reconciled.

One-Legged Stranger—"Yes, I was lucky; I got \$1,500 from the railroad company for that leg."

Bystander—"Well! I wouldn't take \$15,000 for one of mine."

Stranger—"Yes, but the foot on the leg that I lost had the worst chilblain on it you ever saw."—Exchange.

DURKEE STRUCK LUCK

MADE A FORTUNE OUT OF ONE DAY'S NERVOUS WORK.

On Credit He Made an Income of \$1,800 a Day—Took to Riotous Living and Finally Wound Up in a Lunatic Asylum.

E. DURKEE, who was probably one of the best known men in Arizona in 1880, died the other day in an insane hospital at Stockton, Cal. Durkee began business one day near Tombstone without a dollar of his own and two days thereafter he was enjoying an income of from \$1,500 to \$1,800 a day. During the gold craze of '79 he had wandered up and down California, but failed to strike a "find." He made his way into Arizona, and there saw the opportunity of his life. He had the nerve and went to work to carry out his plans. He made contracts with the men who were digging ore to haul it to the railroads at Tombstone for \$3 per ton. He was very successful in getting contracts but did not know where he was going to get the teams with which to do the work. One day he went to E. B. Gage, a wealthy mine owner, and requested the loan of \$60,000, with nothing to give as security. After some hesitancy, the money was forthcoming, and Durkee bought 20 teams of 60 mules each, which he shipped to Tombstone. This meant that he could haul 600 tons of ore a day, and at \$3 per ton meant \$1,800 per day, or \$650,000 per year. He employed 75 men at \$1.50 per day and board.

The sudden wealth caused Durkee's head to turn, and he began to enjoy occasional excursions to nearby towns, where his money flowed like water. One of these visits was made to Los Angeles in the summer of 1886. At that time the southern metropolis had a real estate boom, and money was, in consequence, flowing very freely. Durkee was, however, equal to the wildest of the boomers in his ability to spend money, and even those who were making money by the thousands stood aghast at his utter abandon.

The most extravagant circumstance, and one which has lived to this day, was the occasion when he had just returned from driving behind some fast horses he had been purchasing for trotting purposes. Ringing up the boy after going to his room, he ordered that half a dozen baskets of champagne be sent up at once, as he wanted to take a bath. The wine was produced without delay, and the bath, such as a few even among the very rich have indulged in, and Durkee, evidently very much refreshed, paid for the luxury and resumed his riotous carouse.

The story of Durkee's high gambling in Tombstone is perhaps the most interesting of a series of wild extravagances and of which Arizona people like best to talk about. He was a frequent of the Oriental saloon, kept by M. E. Joyce, said to be one of the richest gambling places in the West. One day Durkee came into town and announced that he was out for a little fun. This meant much to the saloon men, and he was given the right of way along the line.

"See here," said he, "I want a chance to play a little faro, and don't want any one to chip in. Do you understand?" said Durkee, impressively.

They understood, and he was told to



DURKEE IN BLUE JEANS.

shout his orders. He did so. The first to be issued was for a woman of the place, called "Em," to take the dealer's place at the table and another young woman of the same character to take the "lookout," whereupon he pulled off his coat, and calling upon all hands to liquor at his expense, he began his play. His first bet was \$1,000 on an ace. He lost before he had time to draw his breath, but instead of being disconcerted he went at it with renewed vigor. Luck was always against him, save with an occasional small winning, and in three hours after taking charge of the table he lost \$5,000, all the money he had with him, and he withdrew from the game.

Despite all adversities of this character Durkee never lost his temper and seemed utterly careless as to the outcome. These gambling periods were more or less frequent, each time he played resulting disastrously financially.

When coming to Los Angeles he always appeared dressed in a teamster's garb of blue overalls and a big hat. On his hands, no matter how warm the day, was a pair of gloves. Fine clothes was not one of his weaknesses, no matter what other desires he may have

had and indulged in. In spite of all his lavish expenditures and his unlucky ventures he left a fortune of upward of \$100,000 to his wife, who is now living in Los Angeles.

The friends of this wonderfully fortunate teamster speak in very high terms of his past generosity to less fortunate citizens of Tombstone, and state that he was a man who, with all his faults, was much respected.

LOST HUSBAND AND \$10,000.

Mrs. Gordon Entrusted Her Heart and Fortune to an Engaging Young Man.

Charles C. Culshaw, a young man who in July lived in Toronto, is wanted by the police on a charge of having robbed Mrs. Elizabeth Gordon, of that city, of \$10,000. Mrs. Gordon is a widow who had a small fortune left her by her husband. Culshaw boarded in the same house with her, and the widow formed an attachment for him. Mrs. Gordon tells the police that under promise of marriage she was persuaded to advance \$10,000 to Culshaw for the purpose of completing his education. On July 15 she forwarded a draft for \$10,000 to Culshaw at Philadelphia. He obtained the money on the draft, and posted a letter in Buf-



falo to his victim telling her that he had not the slightest intention of marrying her, and threatening if she made any attempt to follow him or recover her money. Culshaw wrote that he was starting for England, and would go from there to New Zealand to go into sheep farming.

A HUMAN CHAMELEON.

This Woman's Skin Changes Color to Suit Her Clothes.

A human chameleon who changes color upon coming into contact with various hues lives in Manchester, N. H. So strange a characteristic would, of course, command for its possessor a good salary in a dime museum, but in this case the possessor is a lady who has no desire for notoriety and looks upon the phenomenon as a dreadful affliction. It is caused by a disease, of course, but the physicians have never been able to determine the nature of the complaint. The color of her eyes remains brown and her hair black, but her face and hands change to suit the color of her clothes. She does not dare to wear ribbons nor any of the shades of blue, red, green or yellow. In pure white her face is ghastly, and the color of her hair and eyes make it even more so than it would be if they were lighter. Black renders her so dark a brunette that there might be a strong suspicion that she was not of the Caucasian race. She, therefore, wears none but subdued grays and browns, which render her less noticeable. The affliction, for it is a great affliction, came upon her gradually and is steadily growing more pronounced.

Kept Tab on Himself.

Dr. Argyle Mackey of Washington City shot himself with suicidal intent one day last week, and before the end came he explained to the physicians at his bedside in minute detail his feelings while dying. He felt his own pulse, and measured accurately the length of time the internal hemorrhage would take to kill him. It was like a quiet lecture delivered before a medical clinic. He feebly attempted to embrace his mother, and while trying to do so, closed his eyes and passed into eternity.

Neat But They Caught Him.

A professional burglar in Berlin found a new and original way of adding to the ordinary profits of his profession. After each burglary he sent a full account of it to one of the daily newspapers, and for this he received payment in the usual way. But he tried his plan once too often. The editor got suspicious and gave information to the police, who soon found how this amateur reporter was able to beat all rivals in the way of early information.

Sailed Through a Sea of Snakes.

The ship Tam O'Shanter, commanded by Captain Peabody, arrived in New York the other day. He says that when off Borneo, he sailed through fifty miles of snakes, in which were mixed a number of alligators and codfish. There was a battle, he says, between an alligator and a shark, in which the shark was the victor, but not for long, for the Li Hung Chang of the aggregation of snakes, which he described as a sea serpent 190 feet long and ten feet in diameter, swallowed the shark.

Not Fully Equipped.

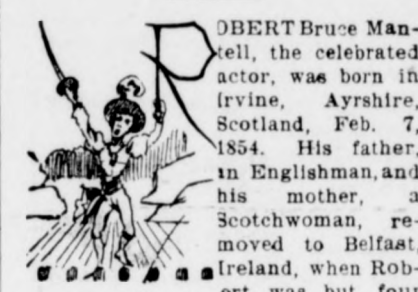
Redhot Pete—Take a han' in this poker game, stranger?
Stranger—Excuse me, please.
Redhot Pete—No money, hey?
Stranger—Yes, but no gun.

Sportsman—I want something convenient to carry bait in. Clerk—Yes, sir. Here's a very handsome article—silver can, holds a pint. Or would you prefer one in a wicker case?—Buffalo Express.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE PLAYERFOLK.

Robert B. Mantell Was Born in Scotland. Educated in Ireland and Loved in America—Minnie Maddern's Return to the Stage—Notes.



ROBERT Bruce Mantell, the celebrated actor, was born in Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland, Feb. 7, 1854. His father, in Englishman, and his mother, a Scotchwoman, removed to Belfast, Ireland, when Robert was but four years of age, and there he was reared and educated. When fifteen years of age he contested with others for a prize for elocution, a gold medal, which he won. Being fond of the stage, he became a member of several amateur societies. At the early age of fourteen he had enacted such parts as Polonius in "Hamlet," Sir Edward Mortimer in "The Iron Chest," Carwin, in "Therese," the Orphan of Geneva, and other roles, and displayed so much ability that he was admitted into the Belfast Dramatic Club, with which he performed several times in the Theater Royal. It was originally intended that he should become a lawyer, and he studied with this end in view, but, having failed to pass his final examination, his father had him apprenticed for five years to a wine merchant.

Mantell as Iago. He never thought seriously of going on the stage until he played Iago at a benefit performance in Belfast. That sterling old actor, Sam Johnstone, of the Lyceum Theater, London, advised



ROBERT BRUCE MANTELL.

him to adopt the profession. He had many difficulties to overcome before doing so, as his family were greatly opposed to it. He resolved to try his fortunes in a foreign land, and in 1874 he came to this country, landing in Boston, Mass. He tried in vain to secure a theatrical engagement, and ten days after his arrival he sailed for England. There he succeeded in effecting an engagement to play small parts in the theater in Rochdale, Yorkshire, and in the latter part of that year he made his professional debut, under the name of Hudson, as the Sergeant in "Arrah-na-Pogue," for which he received five shillings a week. He remained there two seasons, playing a variety of parts, ranging from thinking roles to that of Macduff, his salary never having reached higher than one pound a week. During the season of 1876-77 he was engaged in Wigan. He was next engaged as heavy man to support Miss Marriott on her tours, and continued with her for some time. During the intervals when she rested he filled in his time traveling in support of Charles Matthews, John Dewhurst and Barry Sullivan, and playing in the pantomime at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He next traveled with Miss Wallis, playing walking gentleman.

First American Visit.

During the season of 1878-79 he again came to this country and appeared in the company of Mme. Modjeska, playing such roles as Tybalt, in "Romeo and Juliet," and Gustave, in "Camille." Returning to England, he joined Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight, when they made their English debut in the Prince of Wales Theater, Birmingham, on July 28, 1879, playing Dick Freely, in "Otto," and in that character he made his London debut in Sadlers' Wells Theater. In September, 1880, he rejoined Miss Wallis, to play leading business and opened in the Theater Royal, Birmingham, as Romeo. He remained with her two seasons, and played such parts as Orlando, Benedick, Paul, in "Paul and Virginia," Claude Melnotte and Ernest St. Cyr, in "Ninon." On June 7, 1881, they began an engagement in the Olympic Theater, London, where he played leading roles in the metropolis for the first time. In October of that year he joined Miss De Gray as leading man, and played Macbeth, Claude Melnotte, Leonatus Pos-

Supporting Fanny Davenport.

The following season he appeared with Fanny Davenport and established himself thoroughly in popular favor in the role of Loris, in "Fedora," a role which he created in this country at the Fourteenth Street Theater, this city. He next appeared as Gullibert Vaughn, in "Called Back," in the Fifth Avenue Theater, this city, and afterward in all the principal cities of the United States. The following season he returned to Miss Davenport, playing his old part of Loris, in "Fedora." He had also opened the Lyceum Theater, this city, under the management of the late Steele Mackaye, playing the part of Dakala in his piece of that name. After that season Augustus Pitou launched him as his star before the American public in John Keeler's play of "Tangled Lives." He remained with Mr. Pitou for six years, in which time he added to his repertory "Monbars," "Corsican Brothers," "Hamlet," "Othello," "Marble Heart," "Lady of Lyons," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Velled Picture" (by Mr. Haven), "The Louisianan" (by Mr. Alfriend), "Parrhasius," "The Husband," "The Queen's Garter" (by Esy Williams), and "The Face in the Moonlight," which he produced under Mr. Proctor's management. He then managed himself for two seasons, thus making ten years that he has been before the American public as a star. His eleventh will be directed by the well-known and popu-

Notes of the Stage.

On his next American tour Henry Irving will impersonate Napoleon in "Madame Sans Gene."

Lillian Russell is to take the road this season under the business management of John W. Hamilton.

Tamagno, the tenor, it is said, will leave the stage and become a farmer at the close of the next operatic season.

The score of Richard Strauss' last symphonic poem, "So Spake Zarathustra," is completed, and the work will be produced for the first time at the Frankfurt Museum, November 27. The second performance will take place at the Gurenlch Hall, Cologne.

thumus ("Cymbeline"). Othello, Iago and Leicester ("Amy Robsart"). In the latter part of 1882 he returned to America and was engaged by John Stetson to impersonate Sir Clement Huntingford, in "The World," opening at the Grand Opera House in this city. After playing there for two weeks he went on the road for four weeks, and was then recalled to Booth's Theater, to replace John Norton as Jack Hearn, in "The Roman Rye," which role he continued to play on tour until the end of the season.

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MINNIE MADDERN RETURNS TO THE STAGE.

That fine actress, Minnie Maddern Fiske, will resume her tour this season and add at least two new plays to her already extensive repertory. One is an adaptation of a German play by Olga Wolbrueck, entitled "The Right to Happiness," and the second is a dramatization of Thomas Hardy's well-known novel, "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," which should make an excellent play. I fear that "The Right to Happiness" will prove a little too German for American audiences, but Mrs. Fiske, who is unquestionably one of the most intelligent actresses we

IN LUCK.

Fiegl—"I had a bit of good fortune at the races the other day."

Ellis—"Indeed! backed a winner?"

Fiegl—"Oh, no! but I discovered when I got there that I had left my money at home."—Boston Globe.

A CORRECTION.

"I tell you," said Mr. Winterberry after his return from his trip, "there's no place like home."

"Yes, there is, pa," said little Johnny Winterberry.

"Ah? And where, my son?" asked the father.

"Home, of course," said Johnnie.

"If there wasn't any home, there wouldn't be no place like it."—Harper's Bazar.

BARBAROUS.

Wiping the gore from his glittering weapon the desperate looking young man seized a piece of cloth and removed, as well as he could, all traces of his horrible work from the face of his victim.

Then he straightened himself up, pushed the unhappy wretch away from him, and, in a voice of thunder, called out:

"Next!"

He was the apprentice.—Chicago Tribune.

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

"Hello!" said the voter to the Billville election manager, "Ten o'clock at night, and the polls still open?"

"Yes," sighed the manager, "very urgent case."

"Why, the law doesn't allow you—"

"The law be hanged!" cried the manager. "Major Jones hain't voted yet, an' he bought a new rifle yesterday, an' sent word he wuz a-coming."

I hain't got a thing ag'in the law, but self-preservation's the fust law of nature, an' I'm a self-preservationist!"—Atlanta Constitution.

WHY SHE WEPT.

Willy—"I found mother the other day crying over your book of poems."

"His Sister's Fiance (sighed)—"

"Oh! is that so?" (A de). "Ah! what glory. What fate awaits me!"

A man who can bring tears to the eyes of such a flint-hearted woman as that is certainly great, and no mistake." (To Willy). "She was really weeping, Willy!"

There are 113 firms in Michigan engaged in the salt manufacture. The yearly output of the State has increased within the last thirty-five years from 4000 barrels to nearly 4,000,000.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Over the Handle Bar—Sure Indication—Superior Talent—A Difference—The Laugh Saved—Trouble Etc.,

She smiled at me as she swiftly passed Over the handle bar. That sunny smile was the maiden's last, Over the handle bar. She caromed hard on a cobblestone. She took a header she couldn't postpone. Her twinkling heels in the moonlight shone Over the handle bar. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SURE INDICATION.

"What do you regard as the most reliable weather report, professor?" "Thunder."—Detroit Free Press.

EXPERIENCED.

She was married to her third husband and they had had a quarrel.

"I guessed how it would be, William," she said. "You are as bad as the others."—Judge.

A DIFFERENCE.

"Madge, you've been married unhappily once; why do you risk it again?" "Well, you see, this is another man."—Chicago Record.

SUPERIOR TALENT.

"Does your wife understand politics, Pilcher?"

"No, but when she puts up a lunch with eggs in it she does not forget the salt and pepper."—Chicago Record.

THE LAUGH SAVED TROUBLE.

"Why do you laugh at his stale jokes?" "If I did not laugh he would think I did not understand the jokes and would try to explain them."—Truth.

DOUBTLESS.

Little Tommy—"Why does the leader of the orchestra wave his stick about in that manner, mamma?"

His Mother—"To keep the flies off the music, I suppose."—Louisville Post.

WOULD BE EXCUSED.

"Every human being should do his share toward uplifting the masses of his fellow men."

"Well, I've done my share—I ran an elevator seven years."—Chicago Record.

WHAT PREVENTED HER.

Deaf Mute Lover (speaking through finger signs)—"Please sing for me, dearest."

Deaf Mute Loved One (ditto, regretfully)—"I can't dear; I have a sore thumb."—Judge.

A NATURAL INFERENCE.

"The most curious thing in the world," began Bixley.

"Hush!" hoarsely whispered the horrified Junkins, with a gesture towards the door, "she's in the next room."—Rockland Tribune.

DISCOUNTING THE FUTURE.

Clerk—"What shall I charge Loveleigh for this suit he is to be married in?"

Tailor—"Triple prices. He won't be able to buy another suit of clothes for the next five years."—Truth.

IN LUCK.

Fiegl—"I had a bit of good fortune at the races the other day."

Ellis—"Indeed! backed a winner?"

Fiegl—"Oh, no! but I discovered when I got there that I had left my money at home."—Boston Globe.

A CORRECTION.

"I tell you," said Mr. Winterberry after his return from his trip, "there's no place like home."

"Yes, there is, pa," said little Johnny Winterberry.

"Ah? And where, my son?" asked the father.

"Home, of course," said Johnnie.

"If there wasn't any home, there wouldn't be no place like it."—Harper's Bazar.

BARBAROUS.

Wiping the gore from his glittering weapon the desperate looking young man seized a piece of cloth and removed, as well as he could, all traces of his horrible work from the face of his victim.

Then he straightened himself up, pushed the unhappy wretch away from him, and, in a voice of thunder, called out:

"Next!"

He was the apprentice.—Chicago Tribune.

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

"Hello!" said the voter to the Billville election manager, "Ten o'clock at night, and the polls still open?"

"Yes," sighed the manager, "very urgent case."

"Why, the law doesn't allow you—"

"The law be hanged!" cried the manager. "Major Jones hain't voted yet, an' he bought a new rifle yesterday, an' sent word he wuz a-coming."

I hain't got a thing ag'in the law, but self-preservation's the fust law of nature, an' I'm a self-preservationist!"—Atlanta Constitution.

WHY SHE WEPT.

Willy—"I found mother the other day crying over your book of poems."

"His Sister's Fiance (sighed)—"

"Oh! is that so?" (A de). "Ah! what glory. What fate awaits me!"

A man who can bring tears to the eyes of such a flint-hearted woman as that is certainly great, and no mistake." (To Willy). "She was really weeping, Willy!"

THE CRUELTY OF WARFARE.

"I hate to do such a thing," said the editor of a campaign newspaper in a woman's suffrage community.

"But politics is politics."

"What's the matter?" asked her husband, who was waiting to carry some copy into the composing room.

"I've written an article that will lose the rival candidates two thousand votes, at the lowest calculation."

"Have you discovered something damaging in her record?"

"Yes. I can show beyond a doubt that she is wearing a last year's bonnet, and that her clothes don't fit her, because she makes them herself."—Washington Star.

AN EVERY-DAY SCENE.

Pedestrian—"What's all that fuss about in that house—wedding?"

Resident—"No. A new baby arrived last night, and all the women in the neighborhood are going into ecstasies over it."

"Who is that tall man all the women are crowding around?"

"He is a minister, come to fix a date for the christening."

"And who is the short man who attracts so much attention?"

"He is the doctor."

"Ah! I see. That no-account fellow, who is being pushed out of the way or run over, is the hired man, I presume?"

"No; he's the father."—New York Weekly.

Queer Animal Pygmies.

Pygmies are not confined to the human race, but are found among the lower animals. One of the most remarkable of these dwarfs was a species of elephant which formerly lived on the island of Malta and in various parts of Italy, where its bones are now found. This creature, judging from the bones which have been collected, was about the size of a sheep, so we can imagine the baby pygmies, a perfect elephant not much larger than a cat; an animal readily held in the open palm of a strong man's hand. Dwarf elephants are not unknown today, and several have been brought to this country, where they seem to develop wonderful intelligence.

The Shetland and other ponies are the pygmies among horses, and in the early days there was a horse hardly as large as a fox, if we may believe the evidence of the rocks which have preserved the remains of various fossil horses.

A very beautiful pygmy deer group is found on the Sunda Islands. These little creatures are not much bigger than a cat, while the young are beautiful little animals, hardly the size of a small rabbit, yet perfect in shape and form. The ordinary musk deer of Central Asia is a pygmy in every sense of the word, and one of the most attractive of the tribe. To the naturalist it is an undeveloped creature. It is about three feet in length, twenty inches high at the shoulder, and has in the male largely developed canine teeth that project, so that they are very conspicuous, and are used as weapons in the contests which the little creatures wage one with another.

The sperm whale is perhaps the largest, or very nearly the largest, living animal, and in singular contrast to it is the pygmy sperm that was discovered on the New Jersey sands a few years ago and forwarded as a rare prize to the National Museum at Washington. While the real sperm whale is possibly eighty feet in length, the pygmy specimen is but eight. This little creature has the peculiar blunt head, the toothed jaw of the big sperm, but is a very diminutive edition of it, especially when seen with the man who found it. Its newly born young are when nursing not much longer than a rabbit, while the ordinary sperm infant is thirteen or fourteen feet in length.—Denver Republican.

A Remarkable Collector.

Arthur Hamilton, a wealthy and eccentric Englishman, has just died near Vienna, leaving behind him a remarkable series of collections, not the least singular of which consists of 20,000 buttons representing all the uniforms of the different armies of the world. Another collection

The Evening Democrat.

H. B. MARTIN, Editor and Proprietor.

Entered at the Postoffice, at Greencastle, Ind., as second class matter.

Office of Publication,
Democrat Building,
Northwest Corner Public Square.

SUBSCRIPTION:
Per week delivered by carrier every evening in any part of the city..... 10c.
Subscribers are requested to settle with the carriers every Saturday evening.

GREENCASTLE, IND., OCT. 8, 1896.

NATIONAL TICKET.

For President—
WILLIAM J. BRYAN,
Of Nebraska.
For Vice-President—
ARTHUR SEWALL,
Of Maine.

STATE TICKET.

Governor—
BENJAMIN F. SHIVELY
of St. Joseph county.
Lieutenant Governor—
JOHN C. LAWLER
of Washington county.
Secretary of State—
SAMUEL M. RALSTON
of Boone county.
Auditor of State—
JOSEPH T. FANNING
of Marion county.
Treasurer of State—
MORGAN CHANDLER
of Hancock county.
Attorney General—
J. G. McNUTT
of Vigo county.
Reporter of the Supreme Court—
HENRY WARRUM
of Marion county.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—
W. B. ST. CLAIR
of Pulaski county.
State Statistician—
O. H. DOWNEY
of Noble county.
Appellate Judges (Five Districts.)
EDWIN TAYLOR.
FRANK E. GAVIN.
THEODORE P. DAVIS.
ORLANDO LONTZ.
GEORGE E. ROSS.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

Representative..... JOHN H. JAMES
Treasurer..... JAMES L. BROWNING
Sheriff..... RICHARD M. BUNTON
Coroner..... EDWARD H. KLEINBER
Surveyor..... JAMES F. O'BRIEN
Assessor..... JOHNSON C. HEROD
Commissioner—2d Dist..... JAS. E. TALBOTT
" 3d Dist..... WM. S. BURRIS

DISTRICT TICKET.

For Congress, Fifth Dist..... J. C. RIDPATH
Joint Representative..... GEORGE J. KAYSER
Prosecuting Attorney..... J. M. RAWLEY
Joint Senator..... LUCIUS A. STOCKWELL

B. F. Shively, democrat-
ic candidate for Governor
will speak at Greencastle,
Saturday Oct. 10 at 1:30 p
m. Every voter in the
county should hear him.

HOGATE will be apt to find it con-
venient to leave Hendricks county when
Stockwell begins his canvass there.
By the way, why does not Mr. Hogate
come to Putnam county and make
some speeches? Mr. Stockwell will
meet him in joint discussion and cheer-
fully divide time, thus securing him a
good hearing.

THE Indianapolis Journal belittles
the unparalleled demonstration in
honor of Bryan at Indianapolis. Of
course its little imitator and cuckoo
at Greencastle follows suit. Many re-
publicans were present and have per-
sonal knowledge of the size, enthusi-
asm and make-up of the meeting. Con-
trasting the facts with the report by
the Journal, they will be able to judge
of the reliability of all its statements.

THE Banner Times, a few days since,
published with a blow of trumpets a
card from H. A. Storm, which some
one had prepared for him, renouncing
democracy. A little inquiry develops
the fact that Storm is the black sheep
of a very respectable family, every
member of which is and has always
been a republican, unless it is the
black sheep, and if he ever voted the
democratic ticket no one except him-
self is aware of the fact. It would be
in order now for the B. T. to give the
public some definite information about
this sham convert, his history and
habits.

We devote little space to what the
mouthpiece of a gang honing to get
their fingers into the county treasury
is saying in its own silly and contem-
ptible way about county affairs. It
makes no specific charges of any kind,
but talks at random about the county
being in debt and insinuates that there
is something covered up. We have
dared it to charge that any democratic
county officer within the past thirty
years has been guilty of embezzlement
of a cent of the public funds or has
been guilty of malfeasance in office.

It dare not do it, for it knows that
the affairs of Putnam have been con-
ducted more economically and justly
than those of any other county in the
state of Indiana. The whole object of
this froth and bluster is to divert the
attention of the people from the issue
that concerns something vastly more
important than the temporary admin-
istration of county affairs—an issue
which concerns not only the prosper-
ity and well being of the people now,
but of their posterity, and which, pos-
sibly, involves the perpetuity of free
institutions in America. The gang's
mouthpiece well knows that the re-
publicans have not the slightest
chance of electing a man on their
county ticket, but when it sees such
men as R. Z. Lockridge and his two
intellectual and well educated farm-
sons declaring against the abominable
financial policy dictated to McKinley
by his Wall and Lombard-street mas-
ters, it realizes that something must
be done to keep the republican farm-
ers, business men, mechanics and la-
borers from studying the money ques-
tion.

THE Banner Times said that the
lands of certain surrounding counties
were assessed many dollars higher
than those of Putnam. We proved
from the records that the statement
was an unmitigated falsehood. It said
that Putnam county contained 16,163
acres more land than Hendricks. We
proved from official sources that that
was a 61,368 acre lie. It stated that
D. W. Voorhees voted against the war
income tax law and went up and down
the country denouncing it. We show-
ed that to be a deliberate lie also with-
out the slightest foundation or provo-
cation. Now will any voter of the
county believe any statement made by
a witness so badly impeached?

OUR CAT



Grins While He Says:

The excuse says "that there were
32 people for McKinley, 26 for Bryan,
2 for Palmer and 3 undecided on the
fast mail train No 11 Tuesday night.
The Terre Haute Gazette says: "Fast
mail train No 11 on the Vandalia
which leaves for the west at 9
p m was polled Tuesday night
between Indianapolis and Terre Haute.
The ballot showed for Bryan 31, for
McKinley 22; for Palmer 6 and for Lev-
ering 2." Terre Haute is a division
point and as the train men change
runs there, we believe the latter state-
ment is the correct one. Besides, the
information was given to the excuse
by the south end policeman who was
not on the train and very probably
never saw it, but hearing some one
else tell about the poll, "fell all over
himself" getting up town to tell the
excuse and in his hurry got the figures
a little mixed.

That a republican who came down
on that train that was polled says it
is just as is stated in another place in
this paper. That south end "one of the
finest" has numerous wheels and a big
chunk of rubber thrown in. He could
easily manufacture a bicycle if wheels
and rubber was all that was lacking.

The one republican commissioner in
this county has caught the infection of
the corrupt city gang and is working
his office for all it is worth. He utterly
ignores the wishes of the property
owners of his district, the law and
everything else. Consequently there
is a prolonged howl of indignation
from the farmers of his district. He is
a sample; do the farmers want any
more of his ilk? With another com-
missioner like him and the farmers
and tax payers of Putnam county will
have a sorry time of it.

That a republican of this city who
attended the Brazil barbecue yester-
day said that there was about as many
Bryan men there as McKinley follow-
ers, and that crowds could be seen col-
lected on the streets listening to
speakers on the opposite corners, one
talking for McKinley, the other for
Bryan; and that the enthusiasm shown
for free silver was just as great as that
shown for McKinleyism. This speaks
well for our neighboring county of
Clay, whose people, on a republican
rally day, will stand up for their rights
as against coercion and plutocracy.

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE

POSSUM TROT.
South Washington gold club is tak-
ing a sweat.
Corn husking will commence soon.
Fanny Matkins has typhoid fever
and is no better at present.
Plenty of rain.
Scott Ernhart is sick.
Tommy Moore made a speech at
Beech Grove Friday night. There
were eleven republicans present. They
accepted the Silver Club's challenge
for a joint discussion last week and
now they are crawling out of it.
Carrie McCullough has the typhoid
fever.
Jeff Rader is making his sorghum.

SOUTH WASHINGTON.
Levi Neese and family and moth-
er-in-law of Arkansas are visiting re-
latives and friends here.
Mrs Sarah Senters and baby and
Frank Senters visited her mother Sat-
urday and Sunday.
Mrs Carrie Neese and babies and
Miss Cretia Craft visited Mrs Esther
Evans a few days ago.
Levi Neese and family have been
visiting at William Evans'.

Mary Cole is sick at this writing.
Hog cholera is raging in this vicini-
ty.
Jack Frost came and bit the pretty
flowers and turned the leaves to gold.
If the Banner Times man had been
at James' speaking at the McHaffie
school house and saw the boys from
all over the neighborhood signing
their names to the silver club he would
have thought the like was never known
in South Washington.

The silver club in South Washington
challenged the McKinley club to a joint
discussion on the money question,
and last Friday night at Tom Moore's
speaking at Beech Grove the McKin-
ley club had to "take water" and want-
ed to put off the debate till after the
election.

The new grist mill at Poland is do-
ing a fine business.
The K P lodge room at Poland is
nearing completion.
We notice lots of blackberry bushes
in full bloom.

GROVELAND.
Uncle Cash Wilson was born in Knox
county, Ky., September 14, 1818, and
moved with his parents to Monroe
county, Ind., in 1820; in 1822 to near
Greencastle, and in 1828 to Floyd town-
ship one mile south of Palestine, and
has continued to live in the township
ever since. G W Kurtz came the same
year. They are the oldest settlers in
the township.

Floyd Township S S convention at
Wesley the second Sunday in October.
Your presence is greatly desired; good
speaking, good music free, and good
dinner too if you will bring it.

Rev Mary E Ayers will preach the
second Sunday in each month for the
M E brethren at this place at night,
and the fourth Sunday morning and
night, with a quarterly meeting the
fourth Sunday in October.

Rev Mr Bouher at the C P church
the first and third Sundays in each
month at 10:30 and 7:30. Room for all.
Rev Bouher will occupy the house
vacated by Rev Mary Ayers; Scott
Lewis will move to his farm in Jackson
township; Tom Simmons has moved
to the house vacated by C O Stevens,
who is now living on Railroad avenue.
Charles Baker has moved to Stevens'
house and is succeeded by Rhoda Wil-
son. John Michael will occupy the
house vacated by R H Lewis.

Marion Hinkle and wife of Greencas-
tle now live here. The former is cler-
king for Uncle Cash Wilson.

Jake Kerns, wife and son Harry of
Danville, Ills., were calling on Jona-
than Owens and wife and Harve Ader
and wife last week.

Greg Buis and wife attended the As-
sociation near Fillmore last week.
B C Ader of Bainbridge was calling
on S O Ader and family Sunday last.
Louis Ader and lady of Billtown were
calling on Aunt Jane Ader last Lord's
day.

UNIVERSITY NEWS.

Mr Hinds of the State university
called on Phi Psi brothers yesterday.
Tunie Palmer wears Kappa colors.
Hprace H VanTye is here repre-
senting Roehm and Son fraternity
jewelers of Detroit Mich.

Manager Hamrick received a tele-
gram from the University of Michigan
team asking for a game.

Harry Patterson returned from
Crawfordsville today.
The foot ball team will leave to-
morrow for Louisville Ky., to play the
Louisville Athletic Club.

The State Convention of the Y M C
A will be held here Oct. 27 to 31st.
Several noted persons will address
the convention.

The Senior class elected the follow-
ing officers yesterday: Pres, T N
Ewing; Vice Pres, Mary
Ewing, Sec, Ethel Arnold, Treas., T.
P. Woodson, Historian; Nell Meader,
Poet; Hattie Tutewiler, Prophet; Har-
riet Harding, Chaplain, D V Williams.

The tickets for the university lec-
ture course were placed on sale at
Langdon's book store this afternoon.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Al Hirt left for the South today.
F A Hays is in Quincy on bus'ness.
Rev Wood went to Roachdale today.
Mrs G Hathaway has returned home.
Walter Cooper went to Bainbridge
today.

A M Scott of Ladoga was in the city
yesterday.
Mrs Dr Lammers returned from Chi-
cago today.

Mrs Aut Murphy is visiting friends
at Roachdale.

Chas Jones of Indianapolis is visit-
ing relatives.

Irwin McGrew, of Lafayette is visit-
ing relatives here.

James Hymer and wife returned to
Roachdale today.

Andrew Black is visiting his brother
Bob at Oakland Ill.

Louis Steeg and wife returned from
Indianapolis today.

Maj Fee went to Brazil this morning
on pension business.

Mack Ricketts and John Cannon
were in Brazil last night.

Paris W Allen, of St. Louis, is visit-
ing his uncle, B S Harris.

Mrs John E Higdon of Indianapolis
is in the city having her eyes treated.

Mrs F G Gilmore and Miss Gene-
vieve Ames are visiting at Prindeton.

Mrs Ellen Lane and daughter Marie
of Ladoga are visiting relatives in the
city.

Robt Turnbull and wife of Cayuga
Ind., are visiting their son Dr Turn-
bull.

Miss Thresa Nevotney, who has been
visiting here has returned to Terre
Haute.

Mrs Belle Harris, who has been visit-
ing relatives here, returned to Mat-
toon today.

Augustus Waue, wife and children
left for their future home at Terre
Haute today.

John Hillis left for Louisville this
afternoon where he has a two week's
engagement to sing.

Mrs Elizabeth Ellis, of Kentland,
who has been visiting her daughter,
Mrs Baer, returned home today.

Will Harris has disposed of his line
of samples to the Hub clothing store
and will accept a situation in that
store.

W W King and G R Jewett stopped
over in the city last on their way from
Chicago to West Baden on their
wheels.

Mrs Robert Turner, and her sister
Mrs Roberts of Peru who has been
visiting her, went to Indianapolis
this morning.

James Fairall and wife, of Terre
Haute, who have been visiting their
daughter, Mrs George Hughes, went
to Cloverdale today.

John Quincy Matthews chief train
dispatcher of the Kaukauna Wis.,
division of the Northwestern spent
the day with Harry Maxwell.

Mr and Mrs J C Bridges, of Bain-
bridge, visited James Elder, Mrs
Bridges's father, Sunday. Mr Elder is
recovering from the terrible accident
which resulted in the loss of his arm.
—Rockville Tribune.

W A Howe and wife, A L Brick-
widge and wife, and Mrs P B Elliott,
of Greencastle, and J H Bradshaw, of
Lafayette, attended the barbeque to-
day. They were the guests of Prof
Hall and family.—Brazil Times.

SOUTH GREENCASLE.
Will Poynter had a fit on the train
while returning from Brazil last night
and created quite a panic for a few
minutes.

Hon B F Shively, Dem-
ocratic candidate for
Governor, will speak at
CLOVERDALE Friday
Night, October 9.

AN ATLANTA ENTERPRISE OF
GREAT MERIT.

It affords us pleasure to call special
attention to the advertisement of "The
Mothers' Friend," appearing in this
issue.

GOVERNOR'S DAY.

B. F. SHIVELY.

Democratic candidate for Gov-
ernor, will speak at

GREENCASTLE.

Saturday, Oct. 10.

AT 1:30 P. M.

People of all parties should
come out and hear a fair and
able discussion of the issues by
a polished and earnest orator.



Stoves,
Stoves.

Call and examine our big
line of

Oaks, Air-Tights,
Hard Coal and
Wood Base
Burners,
Cast-Iron Cook
and Steel Ranges

Estate Oak,

With patent screw damper, which is absolutely air tight, with a jointless base
makes it without question the BEST Oak Stove on the market.

Everything in Tinware Line, Cutlery,
Bicycle Repairs to Be Had.

A Few Gasoline Stoves at Actual Cost

We earnestly solicit your patronage.

COOPER BROS. HARDWARE CO.
NORTHWEST COR. SQUARE.



FOR SALE BY
SUTHERLIN,
The Hatter and
Gents' Furnisher.

No. 6, E. Washington St.

MONON ROUTE

In effect Sept. 13, 1896.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 4 Chicago Mail..... 1:13 a. m.
" 6 Chicago Express..... 12:17 p. m.
" 44 Local Freight..... 11:40 a. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 3 Southern Mail..... 2:40 a. m.
" 5 Southern Express..... 2:17 p. m.
" 43 Local Freight..... 12:17 a. m.

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

J. A. MICHAEL, Agent.

SILVER

has captured the great state of

NEW YORK

They have been reading that convincing little
book of less than 100 pages entitled, "Silver,
The Money of the Common People."

"Don't take what other people say, but study
it for yourselves." WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

Mail at once one dime and a two cent stamp,
or twelve cents in stamps, and we will send
copy. R. T. Hays Publishing Co.,
327 Postal Telegraph Building, New York.

Democratic papers please copy. Reduction
to clubs.

EXCURSION TO BLUFFTON, IND.

On Oct. 13 to 15 the Vandalia line
will sell excursion tickets from all
stations in Indiana to Bluffton, Ind., at
one fare for the round trip, account
Baptist convention and Young
People's Union of Indiana. Tickets
good to return until Oct. 19, inclusive.
For full particulars call on nearest
Vandalia line ticket agent or address
E A Ford, Gen'l Passenger Agent, St
Louis, Mo. 324

Big Four Route

EAST.
No 36 Cincinnati, New York, Boston, 2:50 a. m.
No 21 Indianapolis, Acom, 8:12 a. m.
No 11 St. Louis Day Limited, 12:14 a. m.
No 4 Indianapolis Flyer, 10:50 a. m.
No 8 Indianapolis Acom, 4:14 p. m.
No 18 Cincinnati, New York, Boston, 5:21 p. m.
No 22 Sunday, Indianapolis, 11:16 a. m.

WEST.
No 35 St. Louis Night Limited, 12:32 a. m.
No 9 St. Louis Acom, 8:19 a. m.
No 11 St. Louis Day Limited, 12:14 a. m.
No 5 Mattoon Limited, 4:17 p. m.
No 31 Terre Haute Acom, 7:30 p. m.
No 15 Sunday, Indianapolis, 11:16 a. m.

Trains daily.
Trains daily except Sunday.
No. 2 connects at Indianapolis for Cincin-
nati and Michigan Divisions.
No. 4 connects with L. & W. and with trains
for Peoria and Chicago.
F. P. HUESTIS, Agent.

VANDALIA LINE.

In effect Aug. 2, 1896. Trains leave
Greencastle, Ind.

FOR THE WEST.

No 5 Daily.....For St. Louis, 9:44 a. m.
No 21 Daily....." 1:45 p. m.
No 7 Daily....." 12:26 a. m.
No 11 Daily.....For St. Louis, 8:35 p. m.
No 15 Daily.....For Terre Haute, 8:33 a. m.
No 3 Ex. Sun....." 5:15 p. m.

FOR THE EAST.

No 20 Daily.....For Indianapolis, 1:45 p. m.
No 8 Daily....." 3:15 p. m.
No 2 Daily....." 5:52 p. m.
No 6 Daily....." 4:30 a. m.
No 12 Daily....." 12:15 a. m.
No 4 Ex. Sun....." 8:45 a. m.

For complete time card, giving all trains
and stations, and for full information as to
rates, through cars, etc., address J. S. Dowling
agent, Greencastle, Ind., or E. A. Ford, Gen-
eral Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

FROM No. 2.

Campaign Edition.
THE ARENA.



Uncle Sam's Crown of Thorns.
"I will not aid to press down upon the bleed-
ing brow of labor this crown of thorns."
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.
Chicago, July 9, 1896.

All voters should read the Campaign Edition
of The Arena, which began with the June issue
and runs to November (6 months), price,

ONE DOLLAR.

Send your subscription to Business Office
of this paper.

WANTED men and women at once. \$25.00
a week easily made taking orders for the Cam-
paign Edition of The Arena.
Secure your territory at once, address
ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston, Mass.